And the Queen knew not
beside him j
Till the perfect hour was
there 3
Then a horned God was
found,
And a God with serpents
crowned 5
And for that are serpents
wound
In the wands his maidens
bear.
And the songs of serpents
sound
In the mazes of their hair,

*Some Maidens**

All hail, O Thebes, thou nurse of
Semelfl !
With Semeli's wild ivy crown
thy towers 5
Oh, burst in bloom of
wreathing bryony,
Berries and leaves and Bowers 5
Uplift the dark divine wand,
The oak-wand and the pine-
wand,
And don thy fawn-skin, fringed
in purity
With fleecy white, like ours.
Oh, cleanse thee in the wands"
waving pride 1
Yea, all men shall dance with us
and pray,
When Eromios his companies
shall guide
Hillward, ever hillwurd, where
they stay,
The flock of the Believing,
The maids from loom and
weaving
By the magic of his breath
borne away.

Othm.

Hail thou, O Nurse of Zeus, O
Caverned Haunt
Where fierce arms clanged
to f.u:trd G<»d*s
cradle rare,
For thee of old some crested
Corybant
First woke in Cretan air